

Stranded

by SuperGenX

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Summary: A quick one-shot about two members of Fireteam Crimson, Reid Stryker and Roxie Heartly, in the aftermath of a devastating Pelican crash. Separated from the UNSC Infinity and left with no means of communication, these two battered Spartans must pick themselves up and find a way to complete their mission.

Stranded

****Hey everybody! SuperGenX here with a quick one shot about two characters from the Crimson Collaboration. Just thought it would be pretty cool to write since I'm so excited to start writing the actual story! Don't worry, I'm almost done with chapter 3 of PokÃ©mon and will upload it soon. But until then, enjoy this short one-shot!****

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><p>[Halo 4 One-Shot]

Stranded

Waitâ€¦ where am I? He thought to himself as he began to stir. He couldn't see anything other than the blackness of his subconscious, and at first all he could hear was his steady heartbeat. He tried to move his arm, but it didn't respond. A leg, maybe? Noâ€¦ that wouldn't move either. He felt like he was trapped in his own body; a prison made of flesh and blood.

But from the darkness came a voice; a voice that he was only just starting to recognize. He couldn't make out any words at first, but as time passed the fog started to clear. "Strykerâ€¦ come on!" The voice said. "Don't you die on me, you son of a bitch!"

That voiceâ€¦ He thought. _That'sâ€¦_

Suddenly, he opened his eyes and a vast array of color shot into his

pupils. He tried to see past the cloudiness that had taken hold of his vision, and through the blur he could just make out the orange glow of a fire just a few feet away from him. He blinked a few times to banish the blurriness, and eventually he saw the outline of another Spartan kneeling beside him.

The armor the Spartan wore was dark blue with black and gold details on various parts of the suit. She was on her knees next to him, shaking him frantically. He couldn't see her face past the helmet, and he honestly didn't know what kind of expression she would be making in a situation like this. He suddenly felt the rest of his senses return to him, almost as if parts of his brain were turning on one-by-one. Among other things, he smelt the toxic fumes of burning gasoline and felt the sticky wetness of the mud on his face.

"Ughâ€¦ Roxieâ€¦" He managed to speak. "Can you please stop shaking me?" Roxie Hartley, a fellow member of Fireteam Crimson and Stryker's second to the team. In the short time he'd known her, she'd always been the 'tough, doesn't take shit from anybody' kind of girl. Usually able to keep herself composed in most situations, it was odd to see her acting in a panic.

"Oh my Godâ€¦ Stryker!" She said in surprise as he started to pick himself out of the mud. He grunted as he did so, and looked around at the scene before him. It appeared that he was thrown from the crashed Pelican a few meters away from where he was sitting. A quick observation determined that the Pelican was no longer sky worthy, and would take weeks to repair at best.

He suddenly felt Roxie's palm smack him hard on the face, leaving a burning sensation where her hand made contact. He reached up and rubbed his cheek as he stared at her in surprise. "What the hell was that for?" He asked.

"For taking off your helmet, you idiot!" She yelled, showing Stryker the Tracker helmet she recovered from the Pelican. "If we had landed on hard ground, you could've been killed!"

Stryker rubbed the back of his head, surprisingly finding a small bump where he evidently hit his head. Roxie was right, if he had landed on anything but that mud he could've suffered some serious brain damage. Not the smartest decision he'd ever made, but sadly it wasn't the dumbest either.

"Ugh manâ€¦ are you ok?" He asked. Before Roxie could even reply, Stryker looked down and saw a shard of metal sticking out of her side. "Oh my god, you're hurt!" He said, shocked. The shard of metal had gone straight through her back, only hitting the gel layer of her armor, and was sticking out of the front towards the side.

"Whatâ€¦ this?" She said as she looked at it. "It's nothing, I'll be fine."

"How can you say that?" He asked, standing up. "Wait here! I think there was some BioFoam in the Pelican." Stryker sprinted over to the burning Pelican, and as he got closer he realized that it had flipped upside down. He climbed in through the hatch in the back, avoiding a chemical fire that had started behind it. He took a quick look around inside the wreck until he saw the medical box on the far side near the cockpit.

He grabbed the medical box, deciding that there'd be time to look inside once he was out of the burning wreckage. He glanced into the cockpit and sighed in sorrow at the sight of two dead marines. With the medical box tucked under his left arm, he made his way out of the Pelican and started towards Roxie who was still kneeling on the ground. Stryker knelt down beside her and set the medical box on the ground before opening it.

"There, what I tell ya?" He said with a small smile. "Brand new can of BioFoam."

"You didn't have to do that." Roxie said, slightly aggravated.

"Yes I did." Stryker replied. He reached for the shard of metal that was sticking out of her, but hesitated for a second. "Just letting you knowâ€¦ this will hurt like a bitch."

"Yeah, I know." She claimed, preparing for the pain. She'd only known Stryker for a few months, but she knew that nothing she could say would persuade him to change his mind. He was a stubborn bastard; almost as stubborn as she was. "If you're going to do it, then do it now."

Stryker nodded before reaching around behind Roxie and grabbing hold of the metal. Roxie winced, holding in a grunt. Roxie took a deep breath and Stryker pulled the shard of metal out of her as quickly as he could, causing blood to splatter all over the ground. Roxie yelled out in pain, nearly falling back onto the ground. Stryker adjusted himself so that his knee was holding up Roxie's lower back, and he held up her upper back with his arm.

"Fuck!" She screamed in pain.

"Hold on, we're almost done." Stryker said as he reached to his side and grabbed the BioFoam container from the medical box. He pulled the pin out of the top with his teeth and started applying the foam to her wound. Roxie grunted in pain again, feeling the cool sensation on the foam attaching to her skin and sealing the wound. Once the front part was sealed, Stryker repeated the process on the wound on her backside.

With both sides completely sealed Stryker tried to help Roxie stand up, but she pushed his arms off of her and stood up on her own. She looked at Stryker for a moment before swallowing a bit of her pride. "Thanks." She said reluctantly. "Not many people would do that, especially for me."

"You don't give yourself enough credit." Stryker noted as he stood up beside her. "Whether you think you are or not, you're an important piece of this team." Roxie stared at Stryker through her visor, doubting his words. Stryker let out a sigh and swallowed hard. "You're an important piece of me, Roxie."

She clearly didn't expect a comment like that, since she almost gasped as she raised her eyebrows in surprise. After a few moments, Roxie sighed and tossed Stryker his helmet. "Here, put that on before you get a concussion." Stryker shook his head and smiled before putting the helmet back on and securing it in place.

Stryker switched on the coms in his helmet. "Crimson bravo, this is Crimson Alpha. Do you read?" He spoke into his helmet radio. He waited for a few seconds but didn't get a response. "Fireteam Crimson, come in. This is Reid Stryker." There was nothing but static.

"Try to hail the Infinity" Roxie recommended.

Stryker nodded at Roxie before slightly tuning the coms frequency. "This is Lieutenant Stryker of Fireteam Crimson. Infinity, do you read?" Stryker asked, waiting for a response. "Damn it" Commander Palmer? Roland? Anyone?"

Roxie held her hand to her now sealed wound; the pain still taking its toll. "Shit" She said out loud. Stryker glanced over at her before shutting off his coms.

"Looks like we're on our own." He said from behind his visor. "You don't look too good. Let me carry you." Stryker went in to pick up Roxie, but she elbowed him in the chest before he had the chance. "What the?!"

"Don't even think about it." Roxie scowled.

"Alright, fine. I was only trying to help." Stryker backed off with a smile. A guy has to try, right?

"So mister big shot, what's the plan?" Roxie asked with a kind of sarcastic tone about her.

"We have to meet back up with the rest of Crimson." Stryker said as he looked around the rubble for a weapon. "Then we destroy the arrays and get the hell back to the Infinity." Eventually Stryker found a busted up battle rifle lying beneath a piece of metal. He looked it over before pushing out the clip, slamming it back in, and loading a round into the chamber. "At least it still works."

Stryker looked over his shoulder and noticed Roxie picking a magnum up out of the dirt and checking it out. She checked the clip, slammed it back in, and cocked it back. "Let's go. I'm getting fucking tired of this planet."

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><p>Yes, I know. It's extremely short. Just consider it a teaser for the actual collab story!

I'd like to thank "The Queen of Asgard" for making the character of Roxie Hartly and letting me use her for this one-shot!

**Anyway, I hope you enjoyed folks! I'll keep you posted on the actually story as details are made available to me! GOOOOOD NIIIIIGHT!
=D**

End
file.